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## SOMEONE'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily  
Against the window frame;  
Her face was pale and sad and sweet,  
Her garments coarse and plain;  
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,  
The red lips gave a curt—  
"Really I do not know her name,  
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street  
With bundle trudge along,  
Her face was sweet and patient still,  
Amid the jostling throng;  
Stoily but cheerfully she moved,  
Guarding with a watchful care,  
A market-basket much too large  
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I thought a gentleman,  
Went pushing rudely by,  
Sweeping the basket from her hands,  
But turning not his eye;  
Nor is there necessity,  
Amid that busy whirl,  
For him to be a gentleman—  
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well that it is God above  
Looks in upon the heart,  
And never judges any one  
By just the outer part;  
For if the soul be pure and good,  
He will not mind the rest,  
Nor questions what the garments were  
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair—  
By fortune reared and fed,  
Who will not mingle here below  
With those who earn their bread,  
When they have passed away from life  
Beyond the gates of pearl,  
Will meet before their Father's throne  
With many a servant girl.

## THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,  
Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"  
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty  
Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"  
"The Son of Athos," "The Iron  
Mask," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE EXECUTION.

Cornelius had not three hundred paces  
to walk outside the prison to reach the  
foot of the scaffold. At the bottom of the  
staircase, the dog quietly looked at him  
whilst he was passing; Cornelius even  
fancied he saw in the eyes of the mon-  
ster a certain expression, as it were, of  
compassion.

The dog, perhaps, knew the condemned  
prisoners, and only bit those who left  
as free men.

The shorter the way from the door of  
the prison to the foot of the scaffold, the  
more fully, of course, it was crowded with  
curious people.

These were the same who, not satisfied  
with the blood which they had shed three  
days before, were now craving for a new  
victim.

And scarcely had Cornelius made his  
appearance, than a fierce groan ran thro'  
the whole street, spreading all over the  
yard, and re-echoing from the streets  
which led to the scaffold, and which were  
likewise crowded with spectators.

The scaffold indeed looked like an islet  
at the confluence of several rivers.

In the midst of these threats, groans  
and yells, Cornelius, very likely in order  
not to hear them, had buried himself in  
his own thoughts.

And what did he think of, in his last  
melancholy journey?

Neither of his enemies, nor of his  
judges, nor of his executioners.

He thought of the beautiful tulips  
which he would see from heaven above,  
at Ceylon, or Bengal, or elsewhere, when  
he would be able to look with pity on  
this earth, where John and Cornelius De  
Witte had been murdered, for having  
thought too much of politics, and where  
Cornelius Van Baerle was about to be  
murdered for having thought too much of  
tulips.

"It is only one stroke of the axe," said  
the philosopher to himself, "and my beau-  
tiful dream will begin to be realized."

Only there was still a chance, just as it  
had happened before to M. De Chalais,  
to M. De Thou, and other slovenly-exe-  
cuted people, that the headsman might  
inflict more than one stroke, that is to  
say, more than one martyrdom, on the  
poor tulip-fancier.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, Van Baerle  
mounted the scaffold not the less resolute-  
ly, proud of having been the friend of that  
illustrious John, and goliath of that noble  
Cornelius De Witte, whom the ruffians,  
who were crowding to witness his own  
doom, had torn to pieces and burnt  
three days before.

He knelt down, said his prayers, and  
observed, not without a feeling of sincere  
joy, that laying his head on the block,  
and keeping his eyes open, he would be  
able to his last moment, to see the grating  
window of the Buitenlof.

At length the fatal moment arrived, and  
Cornelius placed his chin on the cold,  
clamp block. But in this moment, his  
eyes closed involuntarily, to receive more  
resolutely the terrible avalanche which  
was about to fall on his head, and ergulf  
his life.

A gleam, like that of lightning, passed  
across the scaffold: it was the execution-  
er raising his sword.

Van Baerle bade farewell to the grand  
black tulip, certain of awakening in another  
world full of light and glorious tints.

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD. THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 3, 1875.

NO. 44.

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Three times he felt, with a shudder,  
the cold stream of air from the knife com-  
ing near his neck, but, what a surprise!  
he felt neither pain nor shock.

He saw no change in the color of the  
sky, and of the world around him.

Then suddenly, Van Baerle felt gentle  
hands raising him, and soon stood on his  
feet again, although trembling a little.

He looked around him. There was  
some one by his side, resting a large  
parchment, sealed with a huge seal of red  
wax.

And the same sun, yellow and pale, as it  
behooves a Dutch sun to be, was shining in  
the sky; and the same grating window  
looked down on him, from the Buitenlof.

And the same rattle, no longer yelling,  
but completely thunderstruck, was staring  
at him from the streets below.

Van Baerle began to be sensible to  
what was going on around him. His  
Highness, William, Prince of Orange,  
very likely afraid that Van Baerle's blood  
would turn the scale of judgment against  
him, had compassionately taken into  
consideration his good character, and the  
apparent proofs of his innocence.

His Highness, accordingly, had granted  
him his life.

Cornelius at first hoped that the pardon  
would be complete, and that he would be  
restored to his full liberty and to his flower-  
border at Dort.

But Cornelius was mistaken. To use  
an expression of Madame de Sevigne, who  
wrote about the same time, "there was a  
postscript to the letter;" and the most im-  
portant point of the letter was contained  
in the postscript.

In this postscript, William of Orange,  
Stadtholder of Holland, condemned Corne-  
lius Van Baerle to imprisonment for life.  
He was not sufficiently guilty to be  
sent to death, but he was too much so to  
be set at liberty.

Cornelius heard this clause, but the  
first feeling of vexation over, he said to  
himself:

"Never mind, all this is not lost yet,  
there is some good in this perpetual im-  
prisonment; Rosa will be there, and also  
my three bulbs of the black tulip are there."

But Cornelius forgot that the Seven  
Provinces had seven prisons, one for each,  
and that the board of the prisoner is any-  
where else less expensive than at the  
Hague, which is the capital.

His Highness, who, as it seems, did not  
possess the means to feel Van Baerle at  
the Hague, sent him to undergo his perpe-  
tual imprisonment at the fortress of  
Loozevelt very near Dort, but, alas! very  
far from it; for Loozevelt, as the geogra-  
phers tell us, is situated at the point of  
the islet which is formed by the conflu-  
ence of the Waal and the Meuse, oppo-  
site Gorenham.

Van Baerle was sufficiently versed in  
the history of his country to know that  
the celebrated Grotius was confined in  
that castle, after the death of Barneveldt;  
and that the States, in their generosity to  
the illustrious publicist, jurist, historian,  
poet and divine, had granted to him, for  
his daily maintenance the sum of twenty-  
four stivers.

"I," said Baerle to himself, "I am  
worth much less than Grotius, they will  
hardly give me twelve stivers, and I shall  
live miserably; but never mind, at all  
events I shall live."

Then, suddenly, a terrible thought  
struck him.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "how damp and  
misty that part of the country is; and the  
soil so bad for the tulips, and then Rosa  
will not be at Loozevelt!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL THIS TIME IN THE  
MIND OF ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.

Whilst Cornelius was engaged with his  
own thoughts, a coach had driven up to  
the scaffold. This vehicle was for the  
prisoner. He was invited to enter it, and  
he obeyed.

His last look was toward the Buiten-  
lof. He hoped to see at the window the  
face of Rosa, brightening up again.

But the coach was drawn by good  
horses, and soon carried Van Baerle away  
from among the shouts, which the rabble  
roared in honor of the magnanimous  
Stadtholder, mixing with it a piece of  
abuse against the brothers De Witte and  
the godson of Cornelius, who had just now  
been saved from death.

This reprieve suggested to the worthy  
spectators remarks such as the follow-  
ing:

"It's very fortunate that we used such  
speed in having justice done to that great  
villain, John, and to that little rogue  
Cornelius, otherwise His Highness might  
have snatched them from us, just as he  
has this fellow."

Among all the spectators whom Van  
Baerle's execution had attracted to the  
Buitenlof, and whom the sudden turn of  
affairs had disinterestedly surprised, un-  
doubtedly the most disappointed was a  
certain respectable-looking burgher, who  
from early morning, had made such good  
use of his feet and elbows, that he at last  
was separated from the scaffold only by  
the file of soldiers which surrounded it.

Many had shown themselves eager to  
see the perfidious blood of the guilty Cor-  
nelius flow, but not one had shown such  
keen anxiety as the individual just alluded  
to.

The most furious had come to the Bui-  
tenlof at day-break, to secure a better  
place; but he, outdoing even them, had  
passed the night at the threshold of the  
prison, from whence, as we have already  
said, he had advanced to the very fore-  
most ranks *unguided et roter*; that is to  
say, coaxing some, and kicking the  
others.

And when the executioner had con-  
ducted the prisoner to the scaffold, the bur-  
gher who had mounted on the stone of the  
pump, the better to see and hear, made  
to the executioner a sign which meant,—

"It's a bargain, isn't it?"

The executioner answered by another  
sign, which was meant to say,—

"Be quiet, it's all right."

This burgher was none other than My-  
nheer Isaac Boxtel, who, since the arrest  
of Cornelius, had come to the Hague, to  
try if he could not get hold of the three  
snickers of the black tulip.

Boxtel had at first tried to bring over  
Gryphus to his interest, but the jailor  
had not only the snarling fierceness, but  
likewise the fidelity of a dog. He had  
therefore briefted up at Boxtel's hatred,  
whom he had suspected to be a warm  
friend of the prisoner, making trifling in-  
quiries, to contrive, with the more cer-  
tainty, some means of escape for him.

Thus to the very first proposals which  
Boxtel made to Gryphus to fetch the bulbs,  
which Cornelius Van Baerle must be sup-  
posed to conceal, if not in his breast, at  
least in some corner of his cell, the surly  
jailor had only answered by kicking  
Mynheer Isaac out, and setting the dog  
at him.

The piece which the mastiff had torn  
from his nose did not discourage Boxtel.  
He came back to the charge, but this time  
Gryphus was in bed, feverish, and with  
a broken arm. He, therefore, was not  
able to admit the petitioner, who then  
addressed himself to Rosa, offering to  
buy her a head dress of pure gold, if  
she would get the bulbs for him. On this,  
the generous girl, although not yet  
knowing the value of the object of the  
robbery, which was to be so well re-  
munerated, had directed the tempter to the  
executioner, as the heir of the prisoner.

In the meanwhile the sentence had  
been pronounced. This Isaac had no  
more time to baffle any one. He there-  
fore clung to the idea which Rosa had  
suggested: he went to the executioner.

Isaac had not the least doubt but that  
Cornelius would die with his bulbs on his  
heart.

But there was too things which Boxtel  
did not calculate upon—

Rosa, that is to say—love.

William of Orange, that is to say—  
clemency?

But for Rosa and William, the calcu-  
lations of this curious neighbor would  
have been correct.

But for William, Cornelius would have  
died with his bulbs on his heart.

Mynheer Boxtel went to the headsman,  
to whom he gave himself out as a great  
friend of the condemned man, and from  
whom he bought all the clothes of the  
dead man that was to be, for one hundred  
gulden, rather an exorbitant sum, as he  
engaged to leave all the trinkets of gold  
and silver to the executioner.

But what was the sum of a hundred  
gulden to a man who was all but sure  
to buy with it the prize of the Haarlem  
Society?

It was money lent at a thousand per  
cent, which, as nobody will deny, was a  
very handsome investment.

The headsman, on the other hand, had  
scarcely anything to do to earn his hun-  
dred gulden. He needed only, as soon  
as the execution was over, to allow My-  
nheer Boxtel to ascend the scaffold with  
his servants, to remove the inanimate re-  
main of his friend.

The thing was, moreover, quite custo-  
mary among the "faithful brethren," when  
one of their masters died a public death  
in the Buitenlof.

A fanatic like Cornelius might very  
easily have found another fanatic who  
gave a hundred gulden for his remains.

The executioner also readily acquiesced  
in the proposal, making only one condi-  
tion—that of being paid in advance.

Boxtel, like the people who enter a  
show at a fair, might not be pleased, and  
refuse to pay on going out.

Boxtel paid in advance and waited.

After this the reader may imagine how  
excited Boxtel was; with what anxiety he  
watched the guards, the Recorder and the  
executioner; and with what intense inter-  
est he surveyed the movements of Van  
Baerle. How would he place himself on  
the block? how would he fall? and would  
he not, in falling, crush those inestimable  
bulbs? had he not at least taken care to  
enclose them in a golden box? as gold is  
the hardest of all metals.

Every trifling delay irritated him. Why  
did that stupid executioner thus lose  
time in brandishing his sword over the  
head of Cornelius, instead of cutting that  
head off?

But when he saw the Recorder take the  
hand of the condemned, and raise him,  
whilst drawing forth the parchment from  
his pocket; when he heard the parol of the  
Stadtholder publicly read out—then  
Boxtel was no more like a human being;

the rage and malice of the tiger, of the  
hyena, and of the serpent, glistened in his  
eyes, and vented itself in his yell and his  
movements. Had he been able to get at  
Van Baerle he would have pounced upon  
him and strangled him.

And so, then, Cornelius was to live,  
and was to go to Loozevelt, and thither  
to his prison he would take with him his  
bulbs; and perhaps he would even find a  
garden where the black tulip would flower  
for him.

Boxtel, quite overcome by his frenzy,  
fell from the stone on some Orangemen,  
who like him, were sorely vexed at the  
turn which affairs had taken. They mis-  
taking the frantic cries of Mynheer Isaac  
for demonstrations of joy, began to be-  
labor him with kicks and cuffs, such as  
could not have been administered in bet-  
ter style to any prize-fighter on the other  
side of the Channel.

Blows were, however, nothing to him.  
He wanted to run after the coach which  
was carrying away Cornelius with his  
bulbs. But in his hurry he overlooked  
a paving-stone in his way, stumbled,  
lost his centre of gravity, rolled over to a  
distance of some yards, and only rose  
again, bruised and begrimed, after the  
whole rabble of the Hague with their  
muddy feet had passed over him.

One would think that this was enough  
for one day, but Mynheer Boxtel did not  
seem to think so, as in addition to hav-  
ing his clothes torn, his back bruised, and  
his hands scratched, he inflicted upon  
himself the further punishment of tearing  
out his hair by handfuls, as an offering to  
that goddess of envy, who, as mythology  
teaches us, has for her head dress only a  
set of serpents.

(Continued next week.)

## The Cheerful Face.

Next to sunlight of heaven is the sun-  
light of a cheerful face. There is no mis-  
taking it—the bright eye, the unclouded  
brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that  
which dwells within. Who has not felt  
its electrifying influence? One glance at  
this face lifts us at once out of the mist  
and shadows, away from tears and re-  
pinings, into the beautiful realm of hope.  
One cheerful face in a household will  
keep everything bright and warm within.  
Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despon-  
dency, and a host of evil passions may  
lurk around the door, they may even look  
within, but they never enter and abide  
there—the cheerful face puts them to  
flight.

It may be a very plain face, but there  
is something in it that we feel we can-  
not express, and its cheerful look sends  
the blood dancing through our veins for  
every joy. We turn toward the sun, and  
its warm, genial influence refreshes and  
strengthens our failing spirits. Ah, there  
is a world of magic in the plain cheerful  
face! It charms us with a spell of eter-  
nity and we would not exchange it for  
all the soulless beauty that ever graced  
the fairest form.

It may be a very little one that we  
nestle upon our bosom or sing to sleep in  
our arms with a low, sweet melody; but  
it has such a bright, cherry face! The  
scintillations of joyous spirits are flash-  
ing from every feature. And what a  
power it has over the household, binding  
each heart together, in tenderness and  
love and sympathy! Shadows may dark-  
en around us, but somehow this face ever  
shines between. And it shines so  
brightly that the shadows cannot remain;  
and silently they creep away into the  
dark corners, and remain there until the  
cheerful face is gone.

It may be a wrinkled face but it is all  
the dearer for that, and not the less  
bright. We linger near it, and gaze ten-  
derly upon it and say: "God bless the  
cheerful face!" We must keep it with  
us as long as we can, for home will lose  
much brightness when the cheerful face  
is gone.

And after it has gone, how the remem-  
brance of it purifies and softens our way-  
ward nature! When care and sorrow  
would snare our heartstrings asunder, this  
wrinkled face looks down upon us, the  
painful tension grows lighter, and the  
way is less heavy. As is the spirit,  
mind and disposition, so are the features.

## Be Cheerful.

No matter what comes in, if more goes  
out you will always be poor. The art is  
not in making money, but in keeping it  
little expense, like mice in a barn, when  
there are many, make great waste. Hair  
by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw  
the thatch goes of the cottage; and drop  
by drop the water comes in the chamber.

A barrel is soon empty if the tap only  
leaks a drop a minute. When you begin  
to save, begin with your mouth, as many  
thieves pass down the red lane. The ale  
jug is a great waste. In all other things  
keep within compass. Never stretch  
your legs further than your blankets  
will reach, or you will soon be cold. In  
clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff,  
and no tawdry fancies. To be warm is  
the main thing; never mind the looks.  
A fool may make money, but it needs a  
wise man to spend it. Remember it is  
easier to build two chimneys than to keep  
one going. If you will give all to back  
and board, there is nothing left for the  
savings' bank. Fare hard and work  
hard while you are young; and you will  
have a chance to rest when you are old.

## "TOM."

"If There are any Angels I know that  
Tom Will See 'em."  
[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Plain Tom. It might have been more  
than Tom once, when he was a babe, and  
had a father and mother, some one to  
care for him, even if they had but little  
love for him. After they died; after he  
was turned out on the wide world to  
fight his own way; to hunger for food, to  
yearn for sympathy and kind words, his  
name was "Tom." It was name enough  
for a wail; a ragged hungry boy who re-  
ceived more kicks than pennies, and who  
used to sit on the post office steps and  
try to remember when any one had  
spoken a kind word to him.

The boy sometimes wondered and  
pondered over the words "sympathy,"  
"mercy," and "charity." He heard peo-  
ple use them—the same people who con-  
fused him about and were content to  
see him in rage. He thought the words  
must mean something away off—some-  
thing he could not grasp then, but might  
approach when he had grown to man's  
estate. If Tom's voice had sadness and  
sorrow in it as he cried "shine!" or if it  
had exultation in it as he shouted "morn-  
ing papers!" no one in the busy throng  
seemed to notice or care. He realized  
that he was standing up single-handed to  
battle against a great world, and some-  
times when the world struck him down,  
the boy crept away into an alley to sor-  
row and grieve that he had ever been  
born.

They found a bundle of rags in a pub-  
lic hall-way yesterday morning. The old  
janitor pushed at the bundle with his  
broom, and growled and muttered over  
its being left there by some vagrant. The  
bundle of rags was Tom. The janitor  
hunted over him and pushed at him again,  
and called to him to rise up and go about  
his business, but the bundle did not  
move. Tom was dead. One arm was  
thrown around his breast, and it might  
be that he was still alive, but he slumbered—  
the other rested on his breast, fingers  
tightly clenched, as if death had come  
while the boy was resolving to carry on  
the unequal battle against poverty and a  
cold world to a bitter end.

There should have been sadness in the  
hearts of those who lifted up the body  
and sent it away to be buried in Potter's  
field, but there was not. They were men  
to be sure, but they could not understand  
how it made any difference to the world,  
whether it had one wail more or less.  
They could not feel the heart-aches Tom  
had felt—his desperation—his grim de-  
spair—his bitter crushing everyday sor-  
rows. They could have at least uncover-  
ed their heads as the body was lifted  
up, and said to each other: "He was  
brave to fight such a battle." But they  
did not. There would have been no  
word, no eulogy, had not another wail  
passed the door by chance. He saw the  
body, recognized it, and as he let the box  
fall to the flags that he might brush a  
tear from his eye, he whispered:

"If there are any angels I know that  
Tom'll see 'em."

And no man shall dare to take from or  
add to the simple, tearful eulogy. There  
will be a shallow grave which will soon  
sink out of signs and memory, and scarce  
a month will pass away before even the  
last name will be forgotten by the  
world—the world which prides itself on  
its charity and mercy, and which let  
poor Tom stand up alone in his battle  
for food and raiment and a place to rest  
his feet, let him creep on to die alone in  
the shadows of midnight, feeling in his  
young heart that every man's hand was  
against him, because he was a wail, a  
ragged, hungering, orphan.

## Persons of Importance.

Talk about persons of importance, will  
you? There's no one equal to the family  
boy. Never a king, or emperor, or  
president with his power. He knows it,  
too, before his tiny feet ever pitter over  
the floor. He is as sure of it as if he  
knew every language ever spoken, instead  
of none.

When he awakes in the morning, an-  
other sun rises, when he is carried away  
for the night, he must kiss every one, and  
every one rejoices in his kisses. His  
eating and drinking, his walking and his  
pantomimes are subjects for important  
bulletins every day.

Ah, how strange that this important  
being must one day be let down to the  
position of an ordinary boy, expected to  
eat what is set before him, and do as he  
is told—perhaps to go into somebody's  
office and be snubbed; that he should  
come after a while to be a man, and find  
no one very anxious as to his kisses—  
nay, to have refused him occasionally.  
Yet it's true. If he lives, he will slide  
slowly down to the ordinary level.

He'll be "our baby" no more, but only  
a common human being, with faults in  
plenty; and even if he should stand at the  
top of the ladder, be a great soldier, a re-  
nowned statesman, a genius—no matter  
what, he'll never be what he is now, a  
faultless creature, whose will is law to  
everybody, who has not an enemy in the  
world, and lots of lovers, and who has  
only to utter a series of shrill shrieks to  
be called a darling, smothered with ca-  
resses, and comforted with dainties.

## A Strong "Lone Hand."

M. Quad says: Day before yesterday  
Mrs. Bliss, of Mullet street, found a en-  
chire-deck in her boy's pocket, and when  
she took him by the hair he calmly said:  
"Hold on, mother, it isn't your play."  
"I'll play you!" she hissed, tightening  
her grip. "How came you by these  
cards?"

"Mother, you shouldn't rumple me this  
way," he exclaimed.

"Trump! trump! What do you  
know about trump?"

"Why, mother, any fool knows that  
the right bower will take any ace every  
time."

"It will, eh?" she hissed, as she walked  
him around.

"Of course it will. If diamonds are  
trumps, for instance, and I hold the ace  
and left bow—"

"Bowers! bowers! I'll bower you to  
death, young man," she said, as she  
walked him the other way.

"Or suppose that spades were trumps  
and you held the nine spot and turned  
up the ace, what would you do?" he ear-  
nestly inquired.

"Oh I'll show you what I'll do," she  
growled as she got in a left hand on his  
ear. "I'll teach you a lesson you'll never  
forget."

"That wouldn't be according to Hoyle,  
mother; you could pick up the ace and  
make a point every—"

But she drew him over her knee and  
played a lone hand.

## A Truthful Skeptic.

Let a man fail in business, what an ef-  
fect it has on his former creditors! Men  
who have taken him by the arm, laughed  
and chatted with him by the hour, shrug  
their shoulders and pass on with a cold  
"How do you do?"

Every trifle of bill is hunted up and  
presented that would not have seen the  
light for months to come, but for the  
misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid,  
well and good; if not, the scowl of the  
sheriff, perhaps meets him at the corner.



# THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers.

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2, 1875.

## Rev. J. A. Humphrey prohibited from preaching in Hartford.

The Greenville District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, held at No Creek, last week, passed the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, One preacher has no pastoral right in any territory other than that which is included within the bounds of his own work, or that may be included within it, and especially in the territory which is embraced in the work of another, without the invitation of the pastor, thereof, and,

WHEREAS, The Rev. J. A. Humphrey, of the Ky. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, Scottville circuit, has violated this right by making and filling appointments within the bounds of the work of Rev. B. G. Gardner, and without his consent, and without consulting him, he being a member of the same Conference, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Greenville District Conference of the Ky. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, regard this conduct of this brother a violation of that courtesy which is ever due from one Methodist preacher to another, and,

Resolved, That if this brother continues or persists in such a course, that the Presiding Elder, present a copy of this paper to the Annual Conference at its next session at Newport, Ky.

J. W. CORNELIUS, SILAS GREEN, J. S. ROGERS, J. T. PENDER, MC. J. DAVIS.

When Rev. Mr. Humphrey left this work, and was assigned to the Scottville circuit, it suited him best to leave his family in this county, he having purchased a home for them near Hartford. He is very popular as a preacher in Hartford, and generally draws larger audiences than any other preacher has for a long time. A large number of our citizens petitioned the last Annual Conference to return him to this circuit. When it was ascertained that he had been sent to Scottville, and learning that his family would remain here, and knowing that he would be back occasionally, the citizens of Hartford earnestly solicited him to arrange it so as to preach for us now and then, which he finally consented to do, making his appointments on all the fifth Sundays that he could spare from other work. Was there anything wrong in this? If in filling these appointments here, he neglected his work in the Scottville circuit, then the brethren there had a right to complain, but the murmurs come not from them. If Mr. H. had assumed a pastoral position over a church in Mr. Gardner's circuit without his invitation or consent, and was receiving compensation therefor that properly belonged to Mr. G., then he was acting wrong; but there is no church here of that denomination, and Mr. H. was not oficiating as a pastor to a church, but only occasionally preaching to members of all churches and to many not members of any church. If Mr. H. was preaching occasionally within the bounds of Mr. G's circuit, without his consent or approval, and such a thing is prohibited by the General or Annual Conference, then he was acting wrong; but we have very good authority for saying that neither the General or the Annual Conferences prohibited one preacher from occasionally preaching in the bounds of the circuit of another, even without his consent, and we have Mr. H's statement made here last Sabbath to the effect that Mr. Gardner was not objecting to his (H's) preaching here, and opposed the action of the District Conference.

As no complaint comes from Mr. H's circuit about neglect of work there, and as Mr. G. is willing that Mr. H. preach here in his (G's) circuit occasionally, and opposed the resolutions prohibiting the same, and the citizens of Hartford, one and all, of every denomination or ism, are anxious to hear Mr. H. preach, then where the necessity of the passage of these resolutions; who is injured by the preaching of Mr. H?

Will the Reverend gentlemen whose names appear at the foot of the resolutions give us one good, valid reason for voting as they did? Do they think the people of Hartford are so pure, good and upright that they are not in need of preaching? If so, they had better resolve that it is not necessary for Mr. G. to preach here longer. Do they think Rev. Mr. Humphrey unworthy to preach? Then prefer charges against him and expel him from the Conference. Do they think the people of Hartford are beyond redemption, or the reach of the Gospel, and that such burning words of eloquence and soul-stirring appeals as are delivered by Mr. H. are as pearls cast before swine? And have they given us over to hardness of heart and reprobation of mind?

Then we quote the poet, who said: "While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

We also refer them to the scriptural injunction: "Judge not, lest ye be judged." Do they think Mr. H. is not a suitable man to preach to us? Then we say we prefer to judge of that matter ourselves.

Were they prompted to vote for the resolutions from any feeling of envy or jealousy, or was it from a pressure brought to bear by reason of a prejudice existing against Mr. H. by reason of some trouble between him and some of the members of No Creek church a year or so ago? Will the gentlemen please explain why they voted thus? Was it a blow at Mr. H., or the citizens of Hartford? We understand that Mr. H. was denied the privilege of explaining or being heard at all. The passing of the resolutions without any complaint being made by those who had a right to complain, and against the wishes of Mr. G., and without giving Mr. H. a hearing or a chance to explain, is a very strange indeed.

We know that there was some trouble between Mr. H. and the No Creek church, but we hope that no prejudice against him on that account was brought to bear upon the District Conference to secure the adoption of these resolutions.

We are not prepared, neither is it our province, to say who was right or wrong in that affair. The matter was taken up by the church authorities and was we presume fairly settled. We do not however know the result, nor does it make any difference, so far as the action of the District Conference is concerned. Mr. H. might have been in the wrong then, or he may not be all a man ought to be, but one thing is certain: his preaching here has been productive of good, more good we believe, than any preacher has accomplished here for a long time. Sinners old and young, lukewarm Christians that scarcely ever attended church, all alike have become interested and turn out regularly to hear him. His sermons are all practical, logical, sensible, and delivered in a very earnest, pleasing manner. Will some one please give us a good reason for the action of the District Conference? If they acted thus without good cause, and did it through envy or jealousy or prejudice, or to satisfy a feeling of hatred toward Mr. H., or the citizens of this town, then we have no words suitable to express our condemnation of such a course. We may be wrong, we may not have heard a true statement of the matter. If any of those gentlemen who voted for the resolutions desires to make a public explanation, or give a reason for their vote, we will not treat them as Mr. H. was treated, but give them a hearing through the columns of our paper.

## FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, Ky., Nov. 2. Tolerable cool thank you. Coon skins are nominal. Wheat prospects are more flattering. Tobacco is declining, and holders refuse to sell.

Irish potatoes are worth 60 cents per bushel. Green apples are selling for 50 cents per bushel.

Whisky is worth ten cents a drink, and three drinks kill a man. A Hartford man rode through town the other day with a linen duster on.

2,222 lawsuits are said to have originated in this place during the past twelve months.

There is paid into the city fund something less than fifty dollars a day on dogs.

Colonel Doon is moving his bed from the front to the rear part of the hotel, to keep from being disturbed at night by Hartford whisky.

They have a new dining room at the Poyner House.

Tom Stevens has opened a hotel.

Miss Gibson has an interesting school.

We don't shake any more out here.

Applications for admission to the Micawber school must be addressed to the president, George Cooper.

The fellow who got mad at something we said in our last letter, ought to read his bible more.

Our telegraph operator carries a mirror in his pocket.

The L. P. & S. W. R. R., has rented a large number of engines and coal cars from the L. & N. R. R., and an immense amount of coal is being shipped.

We'll get that \$7,500 lottery money in time for Christmas.

Weaver Barnes has the blues for a week, but is slowly recovering.

Mr. Wallace Gruelle was in town the other morning.

Harry Bridges was here last week selling the "Big Bonanza."

The East-bound passenger train passed here at 5:05, a. m., instead of 3:45 a. m. as heretofore.

The funeral of Mr. Richard Stevens was preached at Liberty last Sunday by Rev. Gabriel Bean.

The storm last Friday night did no great damage in this vicinity, but disturbed the slumber of a few sinners who imagined the world was rapidly closing up.

Ben. Gray shipped a car load of fine cattle last night.

As there is some contention as to where the county jail shall be located, we propose to give the ground if they will locate it at this place.

There was quite a number of people in town yesterday.

Juno.

## LETTER FROM DIXON.

DIXON, Ky., Oct. 30. EDITOR HERALD.—Inasmuch as Dixon has been adding to her population, by a corresponding decrease in yours, I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to let them hear from us.

The addition to our town alluded to above, are your former fellow citizens, Squire Maury and Prof. J. Ellis Haynes.

The Squire is actively engaged in his business, making stoves and selling hardware. He is doing a good business; in fact the Squire says he never did better. Our citizens are well pleased with him, and consider him a No. 1 acquisition.

Prof. J. Ellis Haynes has charge of the Dixon Academy. He began school with thirty-seven pupils, he now has seventy-seven, with the prospect of matriculating one hundred or more before the winter is over. The Prof. is just the right man in the right place. Dixon has needed just such a man for some time. He has entered into the amusements of the place with considerable zest. He has organized, and is now teaching a singing school, and from the progress his class has already made, we predict for it that it will become one of the first choirs in the State. He is a member in "good standing" of the Dixon Mite society, as well as of the Dixon Lyceum, an organization composed principally of the young lawyers of this place. We have known the Prof. for several years as the teacher of our County Institute; we expected a good teacher when we secured his services, and now have no hesitancy in saying that our expectations have been fully realized. Dixon has a population of between 600 and 700 inhabitants—stores, groceries, blacksmith shops, &c., &c., in proportion. Our town has improved a good deal this last season, notwithstanding the hard times. Local Option reigns here supremely.

We have raised the finest crops of corn and tobacco ever before raised in the county. But enough for this letter.

## FROM SPRING LICK.

SPRING LICK, Ky., Nov. 1. We have had nothing to transpire in our little village for some time past to prevent us from pursuing the even tenor of our way.

One of our esteemed citizens has been dangerously ill for nearly a week, from a severe attack of congestion of the brain. The attending physician, Dr. R. L. Rains, is hopeful now that he will eventually recover from his illness.

The hoop-pole business at this point has again revived. We noticed several car loads were shipped last week, destined for Louisville.

While on the train last week, we had the good pleasure of taking our beloved friend Col. J. G. Ford by the paw and give it a cordial shake. We were glad to see the Colonel looking so handsome. It is not to be wondered at, when we say all the ladies at Grayson last summer fell in love with him during his sojourn among them. On the same train we met Sheriff Midkiff, of Muhlenburg county, who had in his charge three criminals elected by the Muhlenburg Circuit Court on the charge of grand larceny.

The corn crop in this section is pretty well matured, and the farmers hereabouts are making arrangements preparatory for gathering the same.

Circuit Court convened at Leitchfield last Monday, with Judge James Stuart on the bench. Our efficient Circuit Court Clerk, Edwin Thomas, reports the docket for this term unusually large. The grand jury was in session all last week, and comparatively few indictments were made out say about twenty; a majority of which were found against parties engaged in the liquor traffic. Hon. E. D. Walker, of your city, has been in attendance since the opening of court. Mr. Walker is conceded by all to be the most formidable lawyer that practices at the Leitchfield bar. His speech last Friday in behalf of the Common-

wealth against Gray, for killing Nelson, at Grayson Spring, about one year ago, was a mammoth effort, and evinced a thorough and complete knowledge of all the legal points bearing upon the case.

We desire, through the column of the HERALD, to return many thanks to "Juno" for the use of his dictionary. The reason we have to offer for not having written for some time past to the HERALD is, that we have been afflicted with a disease which we contracted from "Juno" at the Taylor reunion, and, which, according to Col. Ford's diagnosis, is termed amity. Excuse us, we forgot we were writing without a dictionary.

## LETTER FROM CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, Ky., Oct. 30. People are getting along quite satisfactory now in Cromwell. There seems enough commercial enterprise here for a town of such population.

A small steamer bearing the name of Business put to land here last week with a cargo of stoneware, I have not learned her success in trading.

It is thought that the blacksmith shops here are being patronized pretty largely, from the almost constant "ding, dong," of the anvils.

Farmers in this neighborhood are about done sowing wheat and other small grain.

The school here was increased by eight new pupils last week.

Your reporter was in Greenville, Ky., last Saturday, and was told that the Circuit Court which had just adjourned there, had sentenced three male persons of Muhlenburg county to several years hard labor in the State prison. The parties were guilty of larceny.

Your Egyptian correspondent is "pitching into" American institutions at rather a desperate rate. His criticisms are capacious and are calculated to make it pretty warm for him by-and-by. From his remarks on Christianity it appears that he is Pagan or Mohammedan.

Mr. M. L. Ward of Morgantown, and deputy Sheriff of Butler county, called at my lodging on the night of the 24th and entertained me highly for some time with his conversation and company. He gave me a brief, but interesting account of the carcass of last year for the county clerkship of Butler, where he made a lively race for that situation against Mr. Kelly, who outrivaled him by only six votes.

Rev. Mr. Shelton, a member of the Methodist church, and residing at Bowling Green, preached to a small congregation in town last Sunday night.

## News from All Points.

The official returns of the Ohio election gives Hayes 5,549 majority.

The loss by the Virginia City, Nevada, fire is placed at \$8,000,000. A space of ground three-fourths of a mile long by one-half mile wide was burned. Great suffering will be the consequence. Several lives were lost.

Five of the assassins of the Rev. John L. Stephens, American Missionary to Mexico, have been hanged. The murder occurred at Ahualulco in March, 1870.

The crops of coffee and cocoa in Venezuela will be abundant.

The Democratic candidate for Mayor of Baltimore was elected by a majority of 2,731.

The loader case is to be tried, and Mrs. Tilton is to testify—Let us have rest.

The skeleton of the great race horse Lexington is to be securely wired and sent to Washington City, where it will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute. This is the first instance where a race horse has received such honors; but the dead hero of racers deserves it.

The orange crop this year is abundant, and the probability is that this delicious fruit will be cheaper than it has been for several years, and growers intend shipping direct to agents in the East and West, and, thereby, do away with intermediate handling and unnecessary expense.

The Glasgow Times smells out another wonder, in the shape of a negro, whose face is ornamented with a full suit of whiskers. This woman lives in Hart county, and is the mother of one child.

A horse has just died in Fleming county aged forty years. Mr. T. R. Botts has owned him for thirty-seven years.

The small-pox still prevails in Covington.

Mrs. Kelly Crow of Nelson county, who died last week of congestive chills, weighed, at the time of her death, five hundred pounds.

The Georgetown Times says, hogs in Hardia county are dying of cholera.

The hog market in Nicholas county is active; sales have been made at \$6 40 @ 6 50.

Cattle in the vicinity of Bowling Green are dying of some disease unknown to the farmers.

Last week, at Hockettsburg, New Jersey, John Ritter, in a fit of drunkenness, shot and killed his two children, aged five and seven years, and then attempted to kill himself by shooting in the head. His wife escaped with her life by fleeing the house.

## THE CROW HOUSE.

Opposite the Courthouse, HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHT, PROPRIETOR. Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

## STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. W. R. R. Passengers set down wherever they desire and pick up at the same place.

## CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK,

—WITH—

## GARDNER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,

No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

## HOUSE AND LOT

FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John P. Barrett.

Judith A. Harrison.

Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.



## NETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks severely packed and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or cash.

C. P. BARNES & BRO.,

Jewelry, Main st., bet. 5th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.

## FIRST

New Goods

OF THE

SEASON,

WM. H. WILLIAMS,

HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

DRY GOODS,

Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware.

Single and

FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in

Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

no 1 y

## MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James H. Taylor's Adm'r, plffs, } Equity.

James H. Taylor's heirs, dfts. }

All persons having claims against the estate of James H. Taylor, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford, Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.C.C.

July 11, 1875.

## MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county

M. & K. will take this occasion to no-

tice the farmers of Ohio and

Butler counties, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always pay-

ing higher prices IN CASH, than anybody else. They ask a share of public patronage.

n33-4m

WM. H. BARRETT, A. T. NALL,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GREEN CASH, and anybody

else. They ask a share of public patronage.

no 1 y

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange

for country produce, paying the highest market price.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARTFORD MALE

AND

FEMALE SEMINARY.

—(2)—

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the First Monday in September, 1875, and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A. B.

asked by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition for will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary . . . \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00

Junior . . . 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for Col-

lege. Board can be obtained at from \$3.50 to \$5.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

n33-1w SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

## STAVES.

500,000

WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

wanted. For further information address

DORSEY, HENRY & CO.,

14 and Delaware,

Louisville, Ky.

Reference—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis,

Hartford, Ky.

## RUFER'S HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GRAMM, } Proprietors.

AMERICA'S WAREHOUSES, } n33-3m

## JUST FROM THE EAST!



# THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
IN THE TOWN OF  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.  
—BY—  
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,  
AT THE PRICE OF  
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.  
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, in advance.  
Should the paper be sent by mail, from any place, during the year, we will refund the money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited; except those of saloons, keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.  
All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.  
Communications in regard to advertising and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. Jas. Hayscraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Mottish, Clerk, Hartford.  
K. R. Marshall, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.  
Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

**COUNTY COURT.**  
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

**QUARTERLY COURT.**  
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

**COURT OF CLAIMS.**  
Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

**OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.  
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rave, School Commissioner, Hartford.

**MAGISTRATES' COURTS.**  
Caneysburg District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice, held March 5, June 17, September 4, December 18.  
K. F. Telford, Justice, held March 18, June 4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2, December 16.  
D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.  
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. F. Reader, Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 20, December 13.  
T. S. Bennett, Justice, held March 16, June 28, September 13, December 20.

Bellefonte District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27.  
S. Woodward, Justice, held March 21, June 18, September 25, December 11.  
Fayetteville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22.  
J. L. Barton, Justice, held March 20, June 7, September 25, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23.  
Jas. Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 5, September 23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jas. P. Cooper, Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 14, December 29.  
A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 23, June 11, September 27, December 12.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29, December 17.  
Malvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17, June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen, Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 15, December 26.  
Jas. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26, June 12, September 23, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G. Wadling, Justice, held March 19, June 3, September 21, December 7.  
Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, held March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Hartford District, No. 11.—W. H. Cunningham, Justice, held March 16, June 22, September 10, December 24.  
J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

**POLICE COURTS.**  
Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.  
Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturdays in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesdays in January, April, July and October.  
Centerville.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturdays in March, June, September and December.

**WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1875.**  
W. R. BONNETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

**Particular Notice.**  
All persons indebted to this office, will please call and pay up, as we are in urgent need of some money. We cannot run a newspaper without money, and hence we are under the necessity of collecting as fast as amounts fall due.

**Special Notice.**  
We have erased from our subscription list the names of all subscribers whose time has expired. We hope they will all renew.  
We will send THE HERALD from now until the 1st of January next to any address for 25 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with name, post-office address, county and State, legibly written.  
JNO. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
Hartford, Ky.

**A Splendid Investment.**  
We will send the *Farmers' Home Journal*, price \$2.00 per year, and THE *HARTFORD HERALD*, price \$2.00 per year, to the same address for the small sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the money and get both papers.

We are now prepared to furnish officers with all kinds of blanks, and at prices as low as you can buy them in the cities.

Postings and taters now.

Blustery last week.

Miss Carrie Jarboe had a congestive chill one day last week.

Wanted—To know who that midnight barker belongs to.

Don't forget the Good Templars convention.

Counterfeit money is circulating in Evansville, Indiana.

Another big show is billed for Owensboro, Monday, November 8.

Forty thousand drummers (more or less), were in town last week.

We were pleased to meet upon the streets last Friday, our young friend Harry Bridges.

The present tobacco crop is thought to be about five times as great as that of last year.

**Grocery for Sale.**  
Having gone into the hotel business, I desire to sell my stock of Groceries and rent my store house. I will sell on reasonable terms. My stand is the very best in Hartford. L. J. Lyon.

The death of W. D. Vertrees is announced in the *Elizabethtown News*. He died at his brother's near Rocky Hill.

The last session of the Davises County Court ordered that a new bell should be purchased for the courthouse, and that the roof and fence should be painted.

The *Examiner* says the tobacco crop of Daviess county is estimated at 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 pounds, and the quality nearly up to the average.

Our young friends Jerry Williams and Clarence Hardwick are awful on turkeys. They killed three fine gobblers Saturday last.

Some one ought to start a sausage factory here, there are dogs enough to supply it for 18 years, and not exhaust the stock.

Mr. E. L. Wise received a severe cut on one of his hands Saturday evening, while playing with John Collins. It was accidental.

Miss Alice Leach, of Cave City, arrived in this place Wednesday evening last, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. J. Lyon.

We were visited by a heavy storm last Friday night. It blew down lots of fencing and timber in this county. We have not learned of the entire damage it did.

Of course times are hard and money is scarce; that's the reason people go to Tracy & Son to get their money's worth.

Mr. Ed. Bennett and lady arrived in this city Monday night. Mr. Bennett brought more workmen with him, and the work on the jail is in full blast.

Dr. W. J. Berry returned from a business trip to Louisville last Saturday. The Dr. is one of our coal kings, and works vigorously for the interest of the community.

Mr. W. C. Chapman, of this place, has some of the finest gourd we have ever seen. He has one that measures four feet one inch and a half in circumference. We think he carries off the laurels on gourds.

Capt. Sam K. Cox and Dr. W. J. Berry left for Russellville last Monday, as witness in behalf of the Commonwealth against Cal. Ramsey for the murder of a young man by the name of Cornelius in Logan county, more than a year ago.

Some time ago two men living at Pinecho, a small village on the Cromwell road, had a slight misunderstanding, and we heard passed a few licks, which caused outside parties to take sides, and creating a sensation in that vicinity. It is reported that dangerous threats have been made on both sides.

They were beautiful maidens—one held the lantern while the other gracefully tossed cudgels at the choice pips. We chanced to pass that way, and the rosy tint that was upon their cheeks are imprinted upon memory's tablet. They were beauties to behold; but we passed the angelic creatures in silence.

The *HARTFORD HERALD*, of Oct. 20, was one of the neatest little papers that ever came to our office.—*Owensboro Examiner*.

Thanks, *Examiner*, for your compliment. The high appreciation we entertain for our neighbor compels us to say in return, that the *Examiner* is not only a neat, but one of the neatest exchanges we receive, and we await its arrival with almost as much desire as we would for some dear friend.

Mr. L. Barrett, for some time a typo on the *Herald*, severed his connection with this office Monday, and is engaged in his old business again—collecting the tax due the ex-Sheriff. He is a jolly, good fellow, and may his shadow never grow less.

We have received several letters this week which do not appear, owing to the paper being nearly up before receiving them. Such as we can use will appear next issue. We would be glad if our correspondents would send in their favors on Saturday, so that we will know what to depend upon, as we can not hold open our columns for them.

There came near being a fire at the Crow House, last Thursday morning, caused by the joint of pipe that enters the flue nearest the garret working down and the sparks catching to the shingles. It was getting a good start when it was discovered, but by the promptness of some of our citizens, it was extinguished before doing any damage.

We were premature in announcing last week that Mrs. Gruelle would take up school last Monday. We understand now that it is doubtful whether she will teach at all or not, as she cannot get as many scholars as would justify her opening a school, as proposed, without taking scholars from the school already in progress, and that she will not do.

Mr. W. T. King, of this place, has invented a hand-printing machine, in which he shows considerable ingenuity. It is worked with a hinge, having the impression on the lower board while the impression is made by the top piece, which is brought over and hits squarely on the type. It makes about four or five hundred impressions an hour. Mr. King is U. S. Collector, and has invented this machine so as to avoid a great deal of writing.

The Grayson County *Herald* was purchased last week by Smithers & Baker, and it now appears as the *Grayson Journal*. They do away with the "patent" system, and print a home paper. We are glad to see the change, and hope that all country papers will soon see their mistake in using them, and fall back on the old way. Mr. Ben. S. Robins is its editor, and pre-ludes his readers with a new little sheet. Our best wishes are for the prosperity of the *Journal*.

**A Hartford Enterprise.**  
Col. O. P. Johnson, one of our most enterprising citizens, has erected one of the finest weaving machines in the Green River country. Mr. Johnson has three looms, one for weaving plain linen, one for four leaf and the other for five leaf jeans. It is situated on Rough creek, in the upper end of town, and is run by water power. The looms weave ninety yards a day—thirty yards to each loom. Its running gear is of the best brand, and the whole concern is indeed a credit to the proprietor.

In addition to the above, Mr. Johnson has just completed one of the best flouring mills on Rough creek—running three sets of stones, and at a cost not less than ten thousand dollars. The Colonel is a valuable and enterprising citizen, and the prosperity of Hartford would be much greater if we had more just such men.

Miss Jennie Eskridge, one of Hartford's most fascinating and beautiful young ladies, who has been visiting our little town for several months, left for home last Friday morning. Her host of friends will be sorry to hear of her departure. She has, by her sweet disposition and lady-like manners, won the love and admiration of all. Always a sweet smile and a pleasant good-morning for every one. A cloud of sadness has fallen upon the community, and especially upon the young men. There is a common wish that her stay may be short, and that we soon shall welcome her again. But our friend Jennie has gone. We were forced to utter those painful words, "Farewell, farewell, kind friend."

G. B. W.

**Transfers of Real Estate.**  
The following transfers of real estate have been lodged for record since our last report, viz:  
Dr. Wm. J. Berry to Mrs. S. A. M. Berry, 118 1/2 acres near Beaver Dam, \$1,200.  
Q. C. Shanks to John W. York, 50 acres on Elm Lick, 300 bushels corn.  
Wm. M. Peay to Allen Gentry, 60 acres on Slaty creek, \$800.  
Henry Tichenor to Harriet F. Tichenor, 19 acres on Rough creek, deed of partition.

Thos. J. Smith, Sheriff, to Wm. F. Acton, 50 acres on Hall's creek, \$125 73.

**Marriage Licenses.**  
The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since our last report:  
Fletcher Peares and Miss Farleigh Ford.  
C. H. B. Coleman and Miss Rachel C. Yount.

Caney Sparks, the man who tried to commit an outrageous crime upon some school girls in the Sulphur Springs neighborhood, of which we made mention last week, was tried at the Springs Monday, and was fined the nice little sum of \$81. The young ladies are of the best families in the neighborhood, and Miss Robinson gave in her evidence with tears in her eyes. Miss Bean was iron-nerved, and stated plainly to the court what this villain had proposed to them. He was given until one o'clock yesterday to raise the money to pay his fine, which, if he failed to do, would be placed in the county jail at this place. Sparks is a married man, and we learned resides in the northern portion of Daviess county. He was traveling through this county when he tried to commit this outrage, meeting these young ladies on the road on their way home from school.

**Another Change.**  
Mr. L. J. Lyon has recently rented and is now fitting up the Hartford House in the grandest style of any hotel in the Green River country. Mr. Lyon has had several years experience in the hotel business, and knows just how to do the thing satisfactory to all. The hotel he now occupies is situated in the business portion of the town, and commercial men will find it to their advantage to stop with him when visiting this place, as he can furnish them with large and comfortable rooms in which to display their samples. The house is a three-story building, and has the capacity to comfortably lodge quite a number of guests. The best of servants are in his employ, and will always be found ready to attend to the wants of travelers. Mrs. Lyon is indeed a model landlady, and will see that all the dainties and substantial the market affords are spread upon her table. We bespeak for Mr. Lyon a success in the hotel business. His advertisement will appear next week.

Monday morning a young couple from Muhlenburg county, applied at the clerk's office, in this place for marriage license. The clerk believing that they were intending to be unlawfully married, proceeded to interrogate them. He asked the young girl if she was twenty-one years of age, she replied that she was. Friend Murrell didn't believe her, and told her what the consequences would be if she swore an untruthful statement—that she would be indicted by the grand jury, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the State penitentiary. He then asked her, knowing the penalty, if she was still willing to swear that she was of age, but she said nothing, thoroughly convincing the clerk that she was not. He then propounded the usual question to the young man, who said this was his second marriage. Mr. Murrell then asked him if he had a divorce, he said he had. He was then asked how long since, and where he got it. He said it had been about three weeks, and he procured it at Greenville. The clerk knowing that Circuit Court was not in session at that time, informed him that he did not believe a word that he had spoken, and further told him that he would not issue license to him. Nathaniel C. Harper and Miss Elizabeth F. Vincent were their names.

**A Remarkable Woman.**  
"Aunt Frankie Flowers" is this remarkable character, and is known all over the Green River country, either personally or by reputation. She married quite young, and by some misfortune, her husband received injuries shortly after their marriage which has rendered him a cripple to this day, consequently the managing of the farm devolves upon her. During the farming season she plows, hoes, mows the meadow, sees after the harvesting of the grain, feeds the stock, attends to the wants of the house, milks the cows and even does the marketing. Last Wednesday evening she came to this place with a wagon of grist to have ground, but arrived too late in the evening to receive her grinding that day. The night being warm, she spread her quilt and camped at the mill as quite a number of men do. Early Thursday morning she came up in town to do some shopping, and seemed to be the center of attraction, as well as a curiosity, to a great many of the younger ones. She did her necessary trading and started for home, but her eccentric ways caused the crowd to watch her until she was hidden from their sight. She left in high spirits, saying that she must go to her old man, as he would soon be wanting his mush.

**For a First-Class Suit.**  
Go to a first-class house.—J. Winter & Co., Louisville, manufacture their own clothing, warrant it to be of a superior quality, and sell at a lower price than any house in the city.

## County Convention of Good Templars.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, the good templars of Ohio county will meet in convention with the Lodge at Hamilton Station, on the L. P. and S. W. R. R. All the Lodges in the county have been notified of the event, and it is hoped that all of them will send delegations. Ample preparations have been made to receive and entertain all who may attend. The Lodge at Hamilton is, we believe, the largest and most active Lodge in the county. They propose to make the delegates to the convention feel that it was good for them to have been there. Next Saturday night, preliminary to the meeting of the convention, a public address will be delivered at Hamilton by Wallace Gruelle, P. G. W. C. T. of the order in the State, and during the session other public addresses will be delivered by Geo. W. Bain, G. W. C. Let there be a good turnout of Good Templars on this occasion, and right then and there let a revival of the good work in our county begin and spread to its utmost borders.

**His Time Was Precious.**  
He came from the direction in which Sol's bright rays are seen in the morning. His horse was covered with foam, and he listened not to the enquiries made as he passed many wondering people. Such as "say, stranger, what's the matter?" One would have supposed from his speed that he had a hundred mile journey before him, and but a few minutes to make it in. He carried his hat in one hand and a hickory-withe in the other, the latter of which he applied pretty freely. His main aim was to reach his destination on time, let the consequences be what they may. His horse was puffing and blowing like an engine on a greased track, but he did not care for that. He was thought by some to be a desperado, fleeing from the peace of ficers, while others whispered, "he's a lumatic." He came dashing down Main street and halted in front of a millinery establishment. He threw the reins over a hitching-post, and dashed into the house. As he pulled a slip of paper from his vest pocket containing the following named articles, he exclaimed:  
"Want seven yards pink ribbon, three lace collars, a paper of pins, two boxes hair-pins, three red hair-brands, one big box whitening, three tuck combs, three pair slippers and four pounds of cotton padding!"

The astonished proprietor asked the cause of his great haste, when he answered:  
"There's going to be a shindig at neighbor Jones' to-night, and the gals want the fixens for the 'casion, and while I go to the drug store and get some 'fumery, you do up these things so I can be off."


The "old man" was to meet him at a half way house with a fresh horse, so as to be on time with these trinkets and avoid all disappointment to the girls.

## LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN.

MILLWOOD, Oct. 1st 1875.  
FAIEND MEMEMUT—In my last I referred to the fawning sycophancy of the higher classes of Americans to any of the titled or royal personages of the old countries, that chance to visit this country. This is indeed too true of the aristocracy, but the middle and lower orders are altogether free from this degrading servility. Among the latter classes, the true, genuine love of liberty that animated their fathers to hurl in the dust the power of England in the year 1776, burns as purely as it did in the hearts of the ones who nobly bled and died to gain that liberty which their sons so highly prize. In fact, only for those orders of society, liberty would be an empty sound indeed. But they are strong, and have the power to keep down the aristocratic aspirations for titles, that it would seem, is the natural consequence of wealth. Why, men have been pointed out to me in the city of New York driving around in their handsome equipages, with liveried coachmen and footmen, who only a few years ago, were comparatively poor men; but, perhaps, a lucky investment in coal oil, or some other speculation, had suddenly given them control of vast wealth, which elevating them above the class they were wont to associate with, gave them ideas of nobility which would be almost sure to break out in liveried servants and blazoned crests, in imitation of the nobility of the old countries. But the dread of the common people keep them within bounds, and it is not very likely they will get any further than grand coats of arms and high aristocratic notions for a long time to come.

Kentucky is famous for hospitality. In no other part of the world have I ever come across a people who possess this virtue to such an extent. The stranger is treated like a brother; although I am told that this State, since

### SAVE YOUR EYES.



#### OUR PEBBLE SPECTACLES

And Eye Glasses are the best for failing sight. Cut and polished from the "Real Stone," they are perfectly transparent (will cut glass like a diamond). Being harder than the glass, they receive a finer polish and always retain it. One pair carefully suited to your eyes will last as long as five pairs of the best glass, besides preserving the sight almost unimpaired all that time. By our new system for testing the sight, we are enabled to suit any eye so accurately that no injurious efforts will follow. We repair Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and insert Pebbles or the best Glass Lenses in old frames. Our Bi-Focal Spectacles are for old people who require spectacles to see far off as well as near by only one pair being required. To persons who cannot call on us we send our new illustrated Price List which shows how to order.  
C. P. BARRETT & BRO., Opticians,  
Main st., be. Sixth and Seventh (Louisville Hotel Block), Louisville, Ky.

twenty years ago, was the hot bed of Know-nothingism. Those Know-nothings, whose war cry was "Death to all foreigners" and "America for Americans," was foolishly opposed to foreigners settling in their country, as they choose to call it. While the excitement of party was at its height, violence and lawlessness was the order of the day, and a great many innocent foreigners were massacred or suffered greatly in loss of property by the infuriated mob. This organization has entirely disappeared—killed by the disease it had contracted in its earliest infancy. Men are now ashamed to say they ever belonged to such a disreputable society, and none but a few old fogies cling to the ruins of a fabric that was truly a disgrace to the hospitable, proud old State of Kentucky.

The number of professional men—that is lawyers, doctors, and others of the nonproducing class—who have sprung into existence is astonishing. In one little town, with a population of about one hundred, there are fifteen lawyers and six doctors, along with a host of others that live by their wits.

This is a great tax on the workers, or producing class, who are bound to support this host of drones. Out of those fifteen lawyers, about six are kept employed, the other nine idling away their time to the disgust of their more industrious neighbors. But the idea has taken possession of their brains that there is more honor in having "Attorney at Law" prefixed to their names, even if the same be an empty, profitless title, than "pitching in" like men and giving the world a fair equivalent for the living that it deigns to bestow upon them. But they imagine this would be beneath their dignity, and look upon the ones who till the soil, or dig the mine, with ineffable contempt. Contrasting their own soft white hands with the bronzed horny hands of the laborer, they say, "Such fools to delve and dig their lives away, when a little smattering of law would deliver them from all the evils of having to toil for a living." I don't mean to run down professional men, for good professional men are an advantage to society, but I want you to understand that those professions are overcrowded by some that have mistaken their calling; not one in every ten being by nature or education fitted for the position to which they aspire, and who imagining it a disgrace to work, turn their attention to a profession that nature never intended them for.

You shall hear from me soon again; until then, may Allah preserve you.  
ALI BEN HAMAD.

**Where did I get my new Overcoat?**  
Why, at J. Winter & Co., Louisville; is it not a splendid coat? and I got it cheap too! When you want anything in the clothing line, there is the place to go.

**MARRIED.**  
In Sumner county, Tenn., October 23, 1875, by Esquire M. Cummings, Mr. Bruno Frey and Miss Vashli E. Bryant, both of this county.  
We wish the young couple a long life and an unclouded sky to its close. May the streams of joy be ample to drink up the drops of sorrow that may occasionally fall.

**DEALER IN**  
In Sumner county, Tenn., October 23, 1875, by Esquire M. Cummings, Mr. Bruno Frey and Miss Vashli E. Bryant, both of this county.  
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**MCHENRY & HILL,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.  
not ly.

**F. P. MORGAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
(Office west of courthouse over Hardwick & Nall's store.)  
Will practice in inferior and superior courts of this commonwealth.  
Special attention given to cases in bankruptcy.  
F. P. Morgan is also examiner, and will take depositions correctly, will be ready to oblige all parties at all times.

**JOHN O'LAHERTY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Collections Promptly Attended to  
Office on Market street, over Maury's tin shop.  
Jan 20 ly

**JESSE B. POOLE,**  
Hartford, Ky.  
**W. S. SWEENEY,**  
Owensboro, Ky.  
**FOGLE & SWEENEY,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Will practice their profession in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on Market street, near courthouse.

**JOHN P. BARRETT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
and Real Estate Agent,  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.  
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Will buy, sell, lease, or rent lands or mineral privileges on reasonable terms. Will write deeds, mortgages, leases, &c., and attend to titling and paying taxes on lands belonging to non-residents.

**JOHN C. TOWNSEND,**  
(Formerly County Judge,)  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Will practice in all the courts of Ohio county and the circuit courts of the 5th judicial district. Be less solicited and prompt attention guaranteed.

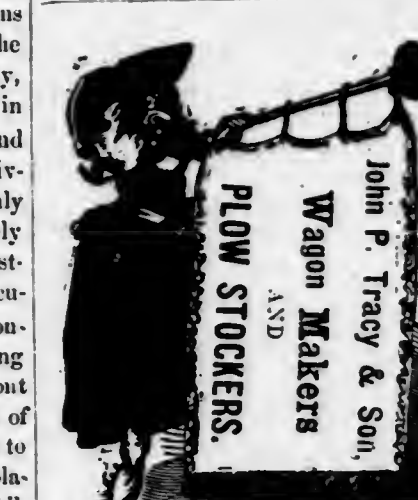
**E. H. WALKER,**  
**S. C. HUBBARD,**  
**WALKER & HUBBARD,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,  
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.  
not ly

**WM. F. GREGORY,**  
(County Judge.)  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

**J. F. COLLINS,**  
DEALER IN  
**GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, &c., &c.**  
**COUNTRY PRODUCE**  
Daughters  
The Highest Market Price  
Remember the place, west side public square opposite the court house, Hartford, Ky.  
not ly.

**Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN,**  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Dealer in  
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,  
Fine Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Tooth-Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Transoms and Shadings,  
Brushes.  
Garden Seed.  
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,  
Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass  
Putty, Carbon oil, Lamps and Chimneys.  
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.  
not ly

**M. H. MERRILL,**  
**R. J. HART,**  
**MERRILL & HART,**  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
No. 172 Main Street, between Fifth and Sixth,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
not ly



John P. Tracy & Son,  
Wagon Makers  
and  
Stockers





## AGRICULTURAL.

## How to Make Boys Hate Farming.

A farmer wrote to a member of the New York Farmers' club, requesting him, if possible, to find for him a boy who is honest, truthful, not lazy, and who will be likely to love farming. He wanted a boy to pick up stones, churn, milk the cows, turn grindstone, etc., and one also that will not hate farming and run away every chance he gets. The chairman handed it over to Serebo Edwards Todd to answer who replied as follows:

If a boy is justified in running away, most assuredly he would be when he is directed to go alone to perform a job every faithful laborer hates. If you wish to keep a boy on the farm never set him alone, when the birds are singing, the squirrels are chattering and the violets are unfolding their charming petals, at picking up stones in a large field. The truth is, those little arms and soft muscles are no more suitable for handling stones than the muscles of a young colt are for drawing a sub-soil plow. If you wish to make a boy like farming, don't keep him turning a big grindstone at noon when all the men but the one that is grinding are lying in the shade, and don't bear on with all your might so hard as to stick him, and then ridicule him tauntingly, telling him he must eat more pudding and milk before he can turn a grindstone like a man. Perchance that he weighs only fifty pounds. You weigh 150, and the grindstone 150. Now then, suppose we let you turn a huge stone of 450 pounds while a giant of 450 pounds weight leans on, which is a fair proportion between you and the boy. Before the giant has applied half his weight, if we don't see you balk square from the mark, and crack, if you don't break the third commandment and assume a pugnacious attitude, then write me a false prognosticator. Unless you want to make a good boy hate farming and every employment connected with it, don't manage in such an underhand manner that he will have to milk the cow which every one dislikes to milk because she is so hard. When the boy comes in at night so tired that he would rather lie down on the hard side of a maple plank than to eat his supper, don't tell him to hurry up and eat his supper so as to do that churning, when all the men and older boys are allowed to read the newspapers or smoke unmolested. If you wish to induce a boy to think that Indian corn and potatoes are profitable crops, don't give him an old rusty hoe that no sensible man would use, and then tell him if he will cut in smart when hoeing that you will help him keep his row up even with the rest. If you do not want a boy to hate the country, when a task is assigned to him, don't pile on so much as to compel him to summon all his energies for three-fourths of the day to complete it, and then, as soon as the job is done, tell him he will have to go to mill or the cook can make no bread for the next day. If you don't want to make a boy hate all the operations of a farm, don't tell him while all the men are taking their "nooning" in harvest time to water the cows and horses, and then sell the beast for a good price, pocket the money, and tell the boy the price received don't pay for the hay, oats, and grass consumed. If you want to make an energetic and successful farmer of a boy, don't encourage him to rise before daylight so as to rake the wheat stubble while the dew is on, telling him he shall have half the gleanings, and then sell his part of the grain with the crop, and tell him, when he enquires about his share of the money, that the little man received will not pay for half of his board next winter. Don't hodge a good boy to the verge of desperation with the mischievous and obnoxious "go boys" system of management. If you want to make him like farming operations, don't fret every ambitious desire out of the young aspirant, with the repulsive and incessant ding dong of

the soil. It is true, it is deep and rich, but it is not all on top or near enough the surface to be available to crops; and we already hear from the most reliable sources that the soil of Illinois is giving out most unmistakably; and unless the system that now prevails is changed—the time is rapidly approaching when the lands in that State will also be obliged to succumb to its exhausting effect. It does not require the mental ability of a soothsayer or of a scientist to know that manure must be applied to maintain the fertility of any soil; otherwise continual cropping will soon run it down, despite all the thorough cultivation and deep tillage of a thousand theorists. Nor do we need any other constructor than the common law of nature to teach us that to take away anything from something lessens the amount, quantity, capacity, force, or any other property of the latter. Just so with the soil. It is no matter if its fertility is so great as to produce one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and its productive powers are reduced only the one hundredth part in as many years, its complete exhaustion would only be a question of time at last.

The American farmer grows corn year after year, and it is sent to England, where it is converted into beef, mutton or pork for market, in doing which the farmers of England make such vast quantities of rich manure that by its application to the land the yield frequently doubles the rent, while the American farmer in cultivating his own land so weakens its production by not consuming his produce at home that it ceases to return him fair average crops—a fact which will be sorely felt by posterity.

The soil is the foundation upon which the hopes of the farmer must rely, but he must not expect it to dispense its gratuitous bounties unless he reciprocates its favors. Or it may be likened to a machine that converts dead, inorganic matter into vegetable life for our subsistence; we must supply the machine with plenty of grease (manure) in order to give scope to its greatest utility. Nor is this all; it needs also our care, attention, and the application of our skill and judgment before we can expect it to do good work.—*Exchange.*

## Soil Exhaustible.

We read and hear a great deal about the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, that the idea of exhausting the fertile prairies of the West it too much like trying to dry the ocean with a spoon etc. This doctrine may do very well for visionary theorists to teach, but the actual facts stand out in too bold relief to justify any such groundless assumption. The old system of selling everything off the land for other people to convert to their own use, has brought State after State into comparative impoverishment, till the evil is spreading to what was once called "the West," for it appears that Ohio is already going down hill at a rapid rate, and other States of the West and South-west are following in the same track. What else can be expected of a system which exports everything from which is made the strongest and most enduring manures?

The soil of Illinois and other Western States, it is true, is deep and rich, but it is not all on top or near enough the surface to be available to crops; and we already hear from the most reliable sources that the soil of Illinois is giving out most unmistakably; and unless the system that now prevails is changed—the time is rapidly approaching when the lands in that State will also be obliged to succumb to its exhausting effect. It does not require the mental ability of a soothsayer or of a scientist to know that manure must be applied to maintain the fertility of any soil; otherwise continual cropping will soon run it down, despite all the thorough cultivation and deep tillage of a thousand theorists. Nor do we need any other constructor than the common law of nature to teach us that to take away anything from something lessens the amount, quantity, capacity, force, or any other property of the latter. Just so with the soil. It is no matter if its fertility is so great as to produce one hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and its productive powers are reduced only the one hundredth part in as many years, its complete exhaustion would only be a question of time at last.

The American farmer grows corn year after year, and it is sent to England, where it is converted into beef, mutton or pork for market, in doing which the farmers of England make such vast quantities of rich manure that by its application to the land the yield frequently doubles the rent, while the American farmer in cultivating his own land so weakens its production by not consuming his produce at home that it ceases to return him fair average crops—a fact which will be sorely felt by posterity.

The soil is the foundation upon which the hopes of the farmer must rely, but he must not expect it to dispense its gratuitous bounties unless he reciprocates its favors. Or it may be likened to a machine that converts dead, inorganic matter into vegetable life for our subsistence; we must supply the machine with plenty of grease (manure) in order to give scope to its greatest utility. Nor is this all; it needs also our care, attention, and the application of our skill and judgment before we can expect it to do good work.—*Exchange.*

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## A Singular Remedy.

Mention has been made, says the Baltimore Sun, of the case of A. R. Smoot, commission merchant, who was so seriously injured a few days ago by jumping from some boxes, on Light street wharf, on a nail two and a half inches in length, which passed nearly through his foot, firmly clinching him to the floor. Mr. Smoot subsequently received per mail a postal card from some kind-hearted person, which read as follows: "Reading of your painful accident in this morning's paper (the Sun), I take the liberty of sending you a remedy which is considered infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound or bruise that is inflamed with burning wool or woolen cloth twenty minutes. The smoke of wool will take the pain out of the wound. I hope you will try the remedy and be benefited."

Mr. Smoot lost no time in resorting to the remedy though it was somewhat different from the hypodermic treatment administered by the physicians. An old iron pot, of extra dimensions, such as are used in the Old Dominion, Mr. Smoot's place of nativity, was immediately brought into requisition and filled with the remedial agents. A dense smoke was raised from the burning wool, enough to smoke out all the Maeloch witches in the incantation scene, and with perfect success. Mr. Smoot desires his most heartfelt thanks to be returned to the kind-hearted sympathizer, and is happy to say he experienced the greatest relief in the application of the remedy. New life, as it were, and motion was restored to the afflicted limb, and he enjoyed a delightful rest after the operation. The facts of the case are sent to the Sun as of value to all who may be similarly wounded.

**Do Plant an Orchard.**  
No man has lived in vain who has built a house, planted an orchard, and raised a child. This is an old Spanish proverb expressive of homely truths. Fruit is the natural food of man. The molar and incisor teeth of man were given for a fruit and vegetable diet, and only a pair of canines or eye teeth are placed on either side for the purpose of an occasional diet.

Those animals which live altogether on flesh have teeth adapted to tearing, like the lions, cats, &c., while those destined to feed on grass, like the cow, sheep, &c., have only teeth fitted for cropping and masticating their food. Now if man, through the structure of our teeth, stomachs, intestines, &c., tells us that fruit is man's natural food, is it not criminal in us as rational beings to attempt to falsify the laws that nature has ordained, and refuse to supply ourselves with what a beneficent Providence seeks to give us in abundance?

The head of a family who refuses or neglects supplying fruit for the little ones is unworthy the trust given him, and, sooner or later, is apt to pay the penalty of his poor stewardship. Do then, Grangers and farmers, plant fruit trees of every kind indigenous to the soil and climate in which you live, do strive to feed cheaply with healthy food those dependent on your judgment and support. Fall is the season of the year to begin an orchard or a garden if we want sure returns. It is also the time to prepare a vineyard, and plant a full supply of berries of every description. Ignorance, idleness, and sloth are these setting sins of that farmer who never has time to tend a garden or plant an orchard. If any of our readers are cursed with the sin, let us ask in the name of the country that he now throw it off, and show his repentance by at once preparing to set out fruit trees and berries of all kinds sufficient to give an ample supply of good fruit for his family, with some for his neighbors. Do this, and long will you be remembered in the land, and your name will be called blessed.—*Louisville National Granger.*

**Effects of Cold in Fattening.**  
A producer of pork in Muskingum county, Ohio, who has made an experiment with hogs with a view to ascertain how far cold retards the rate of fattening, reports the following results:—Carefully weighing the hogs fed, and the corn fed to them, and estimating pork at four cents per pound, he found that what he fed out the first week in October returned (in pork) 80 cents per bushel; the first week in November, 60 cents; the third week 40; the fourth week in November and the month of December, 25; the first half of January, 5; the last half, 0. In the October week of the experiment the weather was pleasant and warm. It gradually grew colder till the latter part of November, from which time it remained about stationary till the 1st of January, after which it ran down to zero, and below in the latter part of the month. The hogs were sheltered in a good pen with a plank floor.—*Agricultural Reporter.*

**Household Hints.**  
**Valuable Recipes.**  
**FRICASSE POTATOES.**—Pare and slice, half an inch in thickness, into cold water, the required quantity of potatoes, and wash them well; put them into a clean sauce pan and pour over them cold water enough to half cover them, and close the pot tightly and let them cook fifteen minutes, then drain off every drop of water; have ready a half pint of cream or new milk, a large spoonful of good butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and some salt, and pour this over the potatoes and just heat up. Serve hot.

## The Grange Menus Peace.

In a late circular the Executive Committee of the Missouri State Grange very truthfully says: There are many professional and trading, and even some of our brethren, who seem to think that the mission of the Grange is to fight everything and everybody. Never was there a greater mistake. If any body of men mean "peace on earth and good will to men," it is the Grangers. We desire the prosperity of all good men. We have no antagonism to any honest calling, trade or profession. We want all to flourish and prosper, but we do not want them to be our masters. While other trades and professions are prospering, we want the farmers to prosper also. We want the "man who holds the bread" to reap the fruits of his own labor, and not to have them go mainly into the pockets of the drones of society.

We want agriculture to flourish and the tillers of the soil to be elevated financially, socially, and educationally. And why should we not try to build up ourselves, if we do not aim to pull down any body else who ought to prosper? There is no agrarianism in the Grange. Every Patron wants all the property he can get honestly by his toil.

We do not wish to injure the lawyers, though one of our cardinal doctrines takes away a great source of their profit.

One of our proudest achievements is to stop strife and lawsuits among farmers. Where Granges flourish lawsuits diminish, and the little branches that arise between brethren are healed without litigation.—*Farmers' Home Journal.*

**Boys not Suited for the Farm.**  
If the only good that a boy ever did about a farm was to repair the pump, hang gates, make mole-traps, put in rake-teeth, file the saw, and hang the grindstone, and he did these things well, obviously the farm is not the place for him—but the machine shop is. If a boy will walk a half-dozen miles after the day's work is done to hear a political speech; if he takes the time from play to attend trials before a justice of the peace, and sits up half the night when he is going to school to learn declamations which bring down the house at spelling-schools, most likely he will do the world more good if you put a law-book and not a manure-fork in his hand. If he can more money in trading jack-knives and fish-lines on rainy days than he does in hoeing potatoes and cutting grain in fair weather, give him a chance at the yard stick, and not have him around troubling the other boys who are handling horse-rakes and pitch-forks, and the like employments. Again, if a boy is skillful in skinning small animals and stuffing small birds; if he practiced making pills of mud when he was a child, and extracted teeth from jaws of dead horses with pinchers when he got older; if he read physiology while his brothers are deep in Robinson Crusoe, he will be far more likely to succeed with a lancet than with a scythe.—*Phrenologica Journal.*

**Burying Potatoes.**  
The Canada Farmer gives the following method of burying potatoes: Potatoes should be laid in compact heaps, and covered carefully with straw. Over the straw put about eight inches of earth, and over the earth a good thick layer of straw. Over all put six or eight inches of earth. Frost will go through almost any thickness of earth alone, but it will suffice to keep it in place. By using straw and earth combined, time is saved in uncovering when the roots are wanted to be got at. If the snow is blown from the heaps during the winter, and the cold is very intense, it will be well to cover them with a coating of coarse manure.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**  
**Valuable Recipes.**  
**FRICASSE POTATOES.**—Pare and slice, half an inch in thickness, into cold water, the required quantity of potatoes, and wash them well; put them into a clean sauce pan and pour over them cold water enough to half cover them, and close the pot tightly and let them cook fifteen minutes, then drain off every drop of water; have ready a half pint of cream or new milk, a large spoonful of good butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and some salt, and pour this over the potatoes and just heat up. Serve hot.

**CURING HAMS.**—A good receipt is to rub the hams with fine salt and sugar, and lay in a dry place. After five or six days rub again, putting on some new salt, as the old becomes dry and does not penetrate. At the end of eight or nine days apply the salt again. Use sugar only the first rubbing. Keep the salt on them until the shank looks white and the skin draws down tight; when this is the appearance the hams are ready to smoke.

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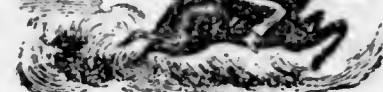
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